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## THE VENTURE OF ORION.

'Tis the valley of the cedars in the Lycian mountains' fold,  
Sweet and solemn by thy lustre, maiden-goddess, to behold.

Comes the prince Orion, (golden are his belt, and hilt and sheath,) Following the wild wolf adown the mountain toward the waste beneath,

Fairest, first of many comrades; by that pass he was aware  
Of the splendors of Selene, flooding all the midnight air;

Of the splendors of Selene, which he ne'er had seen before,  
Of a rapture and a vision, that must man befall no more.

Thus where he his glance uplifteth, and his white hand shades  
his brow,  
Like a lambent fire his face and stately neck are lighted now.

Hark! the chase beside him sweepeth! still he stands in steadfast  
gaze,  
Grown Olympian in perceptions, thrilled with pleasure and amaze.

Oft his voice, for wonder lifted, straight again by wonder stayed,  
Haileth like a breeze that rose and died in one impervious glade.

Unregarded sink the melting dew beneath his locks and vest;  
All the night agaze he standeth, by soft airs and beams carest.

When the moon at length had sunken to the river-Ocean's bed,  
When the latest stars were twinkling, when the sun was rising  
red,

Hied him homeward, prince Orion; O, his cheek was white and  
wan!

Deep thoughts on his heart were graven; O, he thought the day-  
light long.

Still now roaming to the forest night by night he takes no rest,  
Silent of the delicate ruin passion sows within his breast,

Loving now the chase no longer, loving not the purple wine,  
Loitering in his lonely chamber, while the golden sun may shine.

Now his heart's resolved, he journeys toward the threshold of the  
earth,  
To the embracing Ocean-river where the moonlight has her birth.

Might the mortal win the goddess by the fervor of his love?  
Reach her where he might entreat her, not so cold and far above?

Touch that form of unapproached loveliness, which gods on high  
Looked upon in silence? Maiden, might he only love and die?

Much he ponders, till he standeth on an Indian mountain's brow;  
There he sees the river-Ocean's azure currents rush below.

Now the dazzling moon ariseth in a crescent of keen light,  
Beateth back the watery-shining hazes and thick clouds of night;

And the spirit of Orion, roaming in that gleaming sky,  
As the sky the moonlight drinketh, drank of beauty thirst-  
ingly.

'Tis bright Artemis, the huntress, climbs the mountain's leafy  
brow,  
Through the thicket's rushing branches wins upon the clear wood  
now.

While through underwood she sweepeth, while she trails along  
the leaves  
Golden tresses, how each cluster strives to catch and failing  
grieves!

When the open wood she winneth, lustre-flooding land and sea,  
How each copse of oaks fantastic seems to dance abroad for glee!

Lowly crouching, bold Orion, in the thicket's inmost shade,  
There bright Artemis waylaying, unto Zeus his father prayed,

"Is it valor in Olympians, if they should Olympians woo?  
Have they death for love to hazard, hell to hazard, which I do?

Make her mine, O mighty father; though a maiden she has been  
From the morn of Time, no bolder suitor has she found, I ween.

King and parent, who with victors makest gleam this golden  
glave,

Be entreated; nought on heaven and earth can misbecome the  
brave.

If thou wilt not be entreated, let the Lycian hunter's name,  
Who, of men, outdared the bravest, flourish in eternal fame."

Said the King of Heaven to Pallas, "Truly shame and sorrow  
would

Whelm Olympus, if the Lycian spoiled yon tower of maidenhood.

Let his death reward his merit; let the Lycian hunter's name,  
On the golden stars engraven, flourish in eternal fame."

Hark! he moveth among the branches, Dian starteth, as a fawn  
At the rustling thicket starteth, feeding on the dewy lawn.

Ere Orion from his ambush sprung to seize her golden hair,  
The winged arrows of the goddess to his heart their passage tear.

Ere Orion from his ambush spring to rend her argent vest,  
The winged arrows of the goddess in his heart have made their  
nest.

But on Lycia when she rises, gleaming like a golden bow,  
Feel ye not Orion's spirit in those new-born stars to glow?

Three are like a studded girdle, three are like a curved sword,  
One is like the fire-god's foot, and one the eye of heaven's Lord.

Solemnly Orion, walking there the silvered clouds above,  
Whom he dared to love, a mortal, loveth as the dead may love.

Having heard, O, fellow Lycians! how your brave Orion fell,  
Love ye nobly; men beseems to love the unattainable.

London, Eng.

C. B. CAYLEY.

## THE VOICE OF THE RAIN.

[From the German of Lenau.]

Upon the distant heath the breezes rest;  
And motionless the thistles seem to mock  
All life, more like to carvings from the rock,  
Save when their heads, the wanderer's cloak hath pressed.  
A silvery mist is hanging to divest  
The earth and heavens of their bounding line;  
Both seem as those forgetting mine and thine,  
And cleave as friends by common woes distressed.  
Lo! suddenly each thistle head is bowed,  
And with a rustle pours the eager rain,  
As heaven to earth's dumb looks replied aloud!  
The wanderer hears the noisy rain-drop beat;  
He hears the whistle of the wind-lashed plain,  
And sadness feels which he cannot repeat!